

Marion Neal

"
Commercial Recorder"
1947



— Produced by C Special and C12 —

THE EXECUTIVE

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1947 GRADS

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1946 GRADS

Pat Lucas C Sp.

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EDITORS' PAGE

Every school morning brings either a feeling of anticipation, dread, regret, or downright happiness. The facial expressions of students who pass through the doors of the S. C. I. will tell you which of these "feelings" they are experiencing. Teachers too, without a doubt, either smile in a friendly way or look very solemn and reserved.

The solemn expression is probably due to some tests they have marked the night before, a rainy day, which might mean the absence of some students, a lovely day fitted with sunshine, which might also mean the absence of some particular students, or many other things too numerous to mention.

For many of us, these school mornings will soon be ended. We shall not meet the hundreds of smiling faces in the halls or in the auditorium. We shall not laugh as long and heartily on the job as we do now standing in groups around lockers. We won't be saying "I forgot to take my shorthand home last night." or "Have you your letters ready to hand in?" or "We must win the basketball game tonight!" so often heard from day to day.

The swimming pool, track and field practice, competition in other sports which we heartily enjoy, will soon be of the past. We go to something entirely new, but for which our teachers have been preparing us.

Development of things which have appealed to us and have been taught to us by our teachers during High School is very important.

Of course we will soon be interested in new things, but a liking for art, good literature and healthy athletic activities is acquired when we are young. Miss Weir once said in class: "If you do not appreciate the value of literature and art that have lasted for years when you are young, then you are not liable to develop an interest later on in life."

We leave school. Shall we forget? It is my guess that these years will always be a happy memory. We shall always remember our teachers and what they have done for us -- their understanding, patience and endurance. They will meet many new faces and so shall we who are leaving. Let us sincerely hope that they will never forget us.

. . . .

We, the editors of the Commercial Recorder, wish to thank all those who have helped to make this magazine a success. It was not without difficulty that the Recorder went to press this year as most of the students left school early and the task of finishing the magazine became the lot of the "few" who have remained at school to the end. It almost didn't get done, so we hope that those of you who went "on ahead" will not be too critical of our efforts. We have taken the material you left and have tried to mold it into a finished product worthy of our Commercial Department.

THE COMMERCIAL RECORDER

Literature

A VISIT TO CHATEAU LAURIER

I ate my New Year's dinner in the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa. Never before had I been in a more artistically designed and beautiful building. The outside looked like a castle of Norman descent, but the inside was by far the most modern building in Canada. It was made entirely of marble. Even the stair bannisters and many of the clerks' desks were marble.

When we entered one of the many entrances of revolving doors, the first thing I saw was a beautiful hall filled with lovely lamps, chest-erfields, lounging chairs, end tables, statues, carved ash trays, beautiful portraits, and big windows with royal blue velvet draperies. I walked on the rug of this spacious room and nearly sank from view.

The dining-room itself was about as large as the Kenwick Terrace dance floor. Beautiful chandeliers hung from the ceiling and everything seemed to be a glittering mass of white tablecloths, shining dishes, and expensive silverware. The waiters moved about in white and gold uniforms. At first, I thought that they were admirals in for dinner. A French waiter escorted us to our table and, as I unconsciously reached to pull my chair underneath me, I fairly flopped into it. The waiter made sure we were comfortable and then gave us a menu.

I looked at the menu and couldn't, for the life of me, figure out where to find potatoes and where to find meat. Everything was printed in very fancy French. I didn't want to ask what some of the words were as I felt I should know. Therefore, I shut my eyes and stabbed with my forefinger. It landed on an article called Crepe Suzettes. I ordered that. My next stab landed on a Martini. I was haughtily told that "these were not served to children." Rather disgustedly, I stabbed again. I cannot remember the name of the dish, but what I received, looked like chop suey, dessert, and two different drinks. I picked up my fork and, looking for C.S.L. on the handle, I soon discovered the words "Roger Silver."

A new waiter came along and handed me a dainty linen napkin. I was going to put it on my knee, but at a table opposite us an elderly gentleman had his napkin tucked under his chin, so that is where I put mine. The waiter kept bringing dish after dish to our table. The food was delicious but I didn't like it because I had to be very particular about eating it.

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When we had finished our meal, the bellboy gave me a bowl of water. I saw one of Ottawa's millionaires dipping his fingers? so I dipped mine too.

The first waiter who had served us came along with the bill on a silver platter. I picked it up and was \$7.85 for a dinner for three. I knew inflation had reached its peak as far as I was concerned. I tipped the waiter, (did I feel big) paid the bill and got up to go. When I had shut those beautiful dining-room doors behind me, I breathed a sigh of relief. That dinner had been more of an ordeal than a pleasure.

We explored the rest of the building. It was mostly the same as the first floor, expensive chesterfields, lounging chairs, big windows, carved lamps of all shapes and descriptions, beautiful port-

raits, telephones and writing desks. Also, there were marble fountains against a background of pure white marble. Many monuments and memorial tablets stood on every floor.

The biggest surprise to me was a beautiful swimming pool. I rented a bathing suit and went in for a swim. The pool was about three times as long as the one at school. The diving boards were over 14' high so I did a perfect (?) jack-knife into the water. (One of the things I liked about this swimming pool was that I did not have to have a blue ribbon before I was allowed to swim in the deep end.)

When we went home that night, my uncle asked me if I had had a good time. I didn't know whether to say yes or no. The swimming I loved, the dinner was interesting but trying. Figure it out for yourself.

Lenora Horner, C12.

THE DAWN

I watched the dawn break in the east bleak and gray.
I watched the sky become alive to start another day.
I watched the sun burst forth in living fire.
The streaks of light that mounted high and higher
Across the sky until the clouds were wrapt
In cloaks of rosy light and warmly capped with sunlight
Glistening on each one as they glide
Toward the western sky like a billowing ocean tide
Sweeping in from sea with a rush of white foam.
This is the dawn I see as I walk away from home.

Thelma German, C12.

COMMERCIAL RECORDER

ON BUSES

Many different people take advantage of our city buses. The rich and the poor, the healthy and the sick, the fat and the skinny, the old and the young--all take their places on the bus.

There are always those people who cannot find their money to pay their fare, and thus annoy the bus driver. A jolly gentleman boards the bus and searches his pockets, in vain, for a dime. After delaying the bus for a couple of minutes, the gentleman produces a ten-dollar bill from his wallet to purchase one ten-cent ticket. A couple of bus stops later, an aristocratic old lady decked out in fox furs and diamonds gets aboard. After spending precious moments digging around in her capacious purse for a bus ticket, she finally finds one and drops it in the proper container. These conditions all tend to make the driver disagreeable so that he hurriedly starts the bus in an effort to keep on schedule.

Then, there are those who must carry huge bundles on buses. Another matron totes a box from a pastry shop, as if it were the most precious thing in the world; actually it holds a meringue pie or some dainty pastry. When the bus is really crowded to the door, a hasty traveller dashes to the bus with a couple of suit cases and a paper bag, hoping to reach the station in time to catch his train. Why must people insist on bringing such enormous parcels on buses?

S Sometimes the buses are chartered. One may carry beaming

children dressed in their "best" dresses or suits to the annual Sunday School picnic; it may carry a load of thrilled passengers from a tour of the city back to the Noronic; but the buses carrying the happiest people are those that carry "the Blues and Whites" and their "rooters" back to Sarnia from a victorious foot-ball game. Chartered buses always seem to carry happy people.

Then, there are the school buses which fight their way valiantly to school--rain or shine, snow or flood--to deposit the passengers at their destination. Waiting outside the school at closing time, are the "chariots" to take the students home again. They are gay, cheerful people who commute daily on these buses.

Many of the bus passengers are pleasant, but there are a few eternal pests. When you feel the gaze of the lady sitting behind you, you are at once uncomfortable. You wonder if your hair is in place, and you suddenly remember that you forgot to wash your neck that morning. A person who reads your paper over your shoulder also gives you a similar feeling. Another pest is the bawling baby who howls from the minute he boards the bus until he leaves. Nevertheless, the worst pest is the gossip who discusses everything bad about everybody.

Frequently the "would be" comic makes his appearance. He sits calmly reading his morning paper, and suddenly he exclaims in a mournful tone, hundred

souls lost." At once a sympathetic old lady inquires, "Why, what has happened?" Then, with a loud roar, he says, "Shoe factory burned."

Of such characters are the people who ride on buses, and of such various people is the world made.

M. J. Armstrong C. Sp.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Yes--He had gone to the beckon
When the call to arms had come.
He had said so-long to his little town,
Then good-bye to his dear old Mom.

To her, he seemed just a child
But in the near future she found
He'd lost his childish ways and become a man,
Then off to the war he was bound.

To his sweetheart each day was the worry
Would he to her care soon return?
But alas, his beloved, alone with her God,
The sad news she was to learn.

He died with youth's typical courage
His buddy, he'd saved from a shell;
He died on a cold, bloody battlefield
In a battle that raged like hell.

When he died, his dog-tag was shot away,
Without knowledge of name he was buried.
Along with his buddies, their names unknown too,
In the dark to his grave he was carried.

Over his grave was a marker,
A tiny carved white cross.
He died, and was buried in a far-off land:
O'er his grave had spread green moss.

His body lies in Europe,
That foreign Eastern land,
But here at home we bow our heads
And wish we could shake his hand.

There are happy memories at home here--
That's all that's left of him.
His friends remember with falling tears
But these memories soon will grow dim.

In heaven he stands at night-time,
His head held high and proud;
For his country he paid the Supreme Sacrifice
With never a praise sung loud.

We love him--We'll always love him
The lad who for us did fight;
We'll always remember his faith in God
Every moment of day and night.

Jewell Dupee C12

COMMERCIAL ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

In writing this article on C12's sports for 1946-7, I have come to the conclusion that C12 is a fighting team.

They started out by placing third in Track and Field, and second in Baseball. C12 lost the Baseball Championship by one run to 12B.

Speedball came next and C12 will long remember the battles they fought to win that pennant. The finals ended up with C12 first. In the first game of the finals, 12B beat C12--4 to 2. In the next game C12 tied 2 to 2, and the third game again was tied 2 to 2. By this time, winter was coming on and the fourth game was still to be played. Finally one cold windy afternoon the two teams assembled on frozen ground, with patches of snow and dead grass here and there. The many interested spectators stood watching breathlessly with turned up collars and knocking knees.-- There's the kick-off! It sails down to Thelma German who drops it and punts for a goal. The score is now 2 to 0. C12 kicks off and it sails down to 12B's 5 yard line. Helen Karn picks it up, passes to Ginny Miller who throws a long pass to Pauline Wray for a touchdown. The score is tied 2 to 2. 12B kicks off in the last three seconds of the game. The ball is picked up by Betty Taylor who passes to Dupee, Lea, Roberts, and then to Holmes who whips a fast pass in to Horner who is behind the touch down line, making the score 4 to 2 for C12. Thus C12 won the speedball tournament.

C12 was not successful in either the Volleyball or Basketball tournaments. I don't believe this was due to the lack of players, but to afternoon work as well as C12's very irregular attendance on most days when players were needed.

Let us remember that a pennant is won by a team, not an individual; but, it needs only an individual to lose it. Default is an example of this.

This is the finish of C12's sport programme. There are not enough left to carry on but in closing let me say "It's a good beginning, forget about the end, and keep playing."

Lemora Horner C12

The girls and boys of Special Commercial have taken an enthusiastic interest in gym activities during the year. The form was well represented in all the tournaments in the school as well as W. O. S. S. A.

The following are the captains of the various teams that took part in the games this year:

Softball - Joyce Kent
Swimming - Claire Davison
Track & Field - Van Cordey
Badminton - Joan Cordey & Elaine Grey
Basketball - Nenone Harris
Volleyball - Mary Jean Armstrong
Dancing - Joy Barton

Although our form won no pennants this year, they did quite well in some games. We came second in Track and Field and we did fairly well in Dancing.

Van Cordey represented our form in the Cheer-Leading team, and she is to be congratulated on the grand job she did. John Bradley, Bill Charlick and Don Lang were all on the Senior Wossa Football team, and we are very proud of them. Don Lang was also on the School Track team, where he won the 220 yard dash at London. Bob Nelson and Don Lang played basketball. Bob was on the the Junior Wossa team, and Don Lang was on the Senior Wossa Basketball team.

Nenone Harris C Sp.

"CHUCKLES"

WIT AND HUMOUR

Mr. White: "Rozzie, do you think you can support Isabel on forty dollars a week?"

Rozzie: "I'm willing to try sir, if that's the best you can do."

.....
A cowboy asked a visitor on a "Dude" ranch, "What kind of a saddle do you want--one with a horn or without?"

Tenderfoot Pat replied: "Without please; there doesn't seem to be much traffic on these prairies."

.....
Bill Charlick: "Whatever you've got to sell, I don't want none."

Salesman: "How do you know? I might be selling grammars."

.....
John Bradley's only embarrassing moment: When Miss Burriss threw him a kiss from the doorway of the library.

.....
"Folks," said the coloured minister, "The subject of mah sermon dis ebenin' am Liars. How many in de congregashun has done read the 69th chapter of Matthuws?"

Nearly every hand in the audience was raised immediately.

"Dats right," said his reverence. "You is jess the folks ah wanna preach to. Dere ain't no 69th chapter of Matthuws."

.....
Mary Lou R: "What were you running up the street for?"

Johnny: "I was running to stop a fight."

Mary Lou: "Who was fighting?"

Johnny: "Me and the other fellow."

Dot R: "How do you spell graphic? With one f or two?"

Boss: (sighing) "Well, if you are going to use any, you any as well go to the limit."

.....
Mabel H. broke her glasses. After picking up the pieces she took them to her optometrist, and asked: "Will I have to be examined all over again?" To which he gallantly replied: "No, dearie, just your eyes."

.....
Teacher: "What is a hypocrite?"

Bob Nelson: "A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

.....
Miss Weir: "What is a synonym?"
Lenora: "A synonym is a word you can use when you can't spell the other one."

.....
Dentist: "I'm sorry, Donna, but I'm out of gas."

Donna H: "Jeepers, do dentists pull that old stuff too?"

.....
Mother: "Now say your prayers dear and go to sleep."

Betty L: "(Anew football fan) God Bless Ma, God Bless Pa, Rah! Rah! Rah!"

.....
Doctor: "Mary Ann, you have acute appendicitis."

Mary Ann: "Oh doctor, you old flatterer."

.....
Tourist: "I'll have you know that my parents came over on the Mayflower."

Indian: "And mine, Madam, were there to meet the boat."

.....

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Teacher: "This is the worst comp-
osition in the class. I'm
going to write a note telling
your father about it."

Donna T: "I don't care if you do,
after all he wrote it."

Mr. O'Donohue: "What are the names
of the bones in your hand?"
Bradley: "Dice Sir."

Mr. Marcy: (trying to impress a lesson)
"Well, Joy, what have I kept
you in for?"

Joy Barton: "Huh! You keep me in for
half an hour and then don't
know why you did it."

All Shorthand Teachers are Dictators

Mother: "And if one of those
collegiate boys ask you for
a kiss say "no".

Pat: "But Mother, they don't ask."

I crept up the stairs, my shoes
in hand,
Just as the night took wing
and I saw my sister, four steps
above,
Doing the same darned thing.

They walked in the land together,
The sky was covered with stars
They reached the gate in silence,
He lifted down the bars,
She neither smiled nor thanked him
Because she knew not how,
For he was just a farmer's boy--
And she--was a JERSEY COW.

Teacher: "In preparing a meal what
is the first and most impor-
tant thing?"

C-12 Girls: "Find a can opener."

Bulging Gentlemen: (to a little boy
sitting behind him in the
theatre) "Can you see the
stage, little fellow?"

Bill Marshall: "No sir, I can't."

Gent: "Well then, just keep your
eye on me and laugh when
I do."

OVERCROWDED

In the parlour there were three
Parkie, the parlour lamp and he
Three's a crowd, without a doubt
And the parlour lamp went out.

SHADOW

C-12 had a lot of swing
They weren't hard to find,
Everywhere that C-12 went
They followed close behind.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

I'm not beautiful,
I'm not a great star,
Other girls are prettier,
Much by far.

But my face--I don't mind it,
'Cause I'm the one that's
behind it,
It's you folk out in front I jar

THE LAST WORDS

Head thick
Brain dumb
Inspiration
Won't come

Bad duplicator
Won't print
This recorder Amen! ! !

MODEL GIRL OF C. SP.

Personality of-- Ev. Scott
Hair of ----- Pat Lucas
Eyes of----- Is. MacPherson
Figure of----- June Wilson
Athletic Ability M. J. Armstrong
Clothes of----- M. L. Wadham
Friendliness of- Ruth West
Dancing Ability- Joy Barton
Smile of----- Joan Cordey
Wittiness of --- Nenone Harris

MODEL BOY OF C. SP.

Friendliness of-- Bill Marshall
Personality----- John Bradley
Athletic Ability- Don Lang
Eyes of----- Bob Nelson
Wittiness ----- Bill Charlick

NAME	ALIAS	CHIEF WEAKNESS	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE	SAYS
Brown, Daphne	Ducky	Sarnia Hardware	A big office	Sarnia Hardware	Holy Cow!!
Campbell, Loreen	Reen	Shorthand	Big city	Bradshaw	Oh Heavens!
Crooks, Lorraine	Crooksie	T-12	Mrs. Shaw	Spinster	Well, I guess
Cundick, Jean	Dik	6 footers	Stenographer	3'6"	That's ducky
Daws, Jean Ann	Diz	Oakwood Cors.	Mrs. Reeves	Stenographer	I don't know
Dupree, Jewell	Dusty	'Hair-do's'	Model	Greenhouse	Explain this
Evers, Dorothy	Dot	Men	Somebody's wife	Silverwoods	Oh fuzz!
German, Thelma	Thel	Neal	Steno (Temporarily)	Farmer's wife	Oh my gosh!
Gilliland, Gladys	Glad	Tiny	Polymer	Lawyer's Office	Oh now!
Hamilton, Marg.	Hammy	St. Pat's	Housewife	Housewife	Huh!!
Holmes, Dorna	Homer	Wallaceburg	To live in W'burg	Sarnia	That's cute
Horner, Leiora	Norrie	Playing hooky	Gym Teacher	S.S. Noronic	You tramp
Johnston, Lolores	Del	Friday afternoons	None	Kresses	Who me?
Lea, Betty	Shrimp	Dennis	Bookkeeper	Somebody else	Oh sugar!
McLean, Sally	Sal	Henwick	No Ambition	Working girl	Censored

C 12 NAME	ALIAS	CHIEF WEAKNESS	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE	SAYS
Overholt, Pat	Toni	C-12	An income	Metropolitan	It must be hard "a"
Parks, Agnes	Parkie	Kennie	Men	Gas Stations	Whatever you think is fair
Richardson, M. L.	Lou	Johnny	??????	Walker's Ltd.	That's tough
Roberts, Shirley	Dink	Wallaceburg	Own a dress shop	Mel's Market	Isn't that pathetic
Rosenbloom, Dorothy	Dot	Boats	Sailor	Bath tub sailor	Nuts
Sinclair, Merie	Tiny	(Pickering) College	Stenographer	Splinster	Isn't that a cut
Smith, Bertha	Smitty	Has none	\$18.00 a week	\$15.00 a week	WHAT!!
Street, Leona	Lee	Daydreaming	Marry Clem	Mrs. Clemens	Oh-h-h!!
Taylor, Betty	Bet	Motorcycles	Travel	Sarnia, Ont.	Gee whizz
Taylor, Donna	Squirt	Junior	Housewife	Mrs. Morden	That for sure
White, Isobel	Belle	Inwood	Stenographer	Mrs. Warner	Well, what do you know?
Willick, Mildred	Millie	Radio Announcers	Radio Actress	Niagara Finance	Any Male
Wright, Mary Ann	Lulu	Dow Chemical	To get thin	250 pounds	Oh yah!
Downing, Jean	Downie	Dentist's Office	Dentist's Office	Dentist's Office	Oh, no!
Symes, Irene	Slimy	Marriage	Marriage	Marriage	Censored

<u>C. Sp. NAME</u>	<u>ALIAS</u>	<u>EXPRESSION</u>	<u>WEAKNESS</u>	<u>AMBITION</u>	<u>ULT. FATE</u>
L. J. Armstrong	Shortie	Oh! No.	G.A.A.	50 w.p.m.	49 w.p.m.
Joyce Barton	Joy	Just a minute	Tom	Designer	Clerk
Marg Capes	Maggie	Heavens sakes	T-12	T-12	Bayduk
Joan Cordey	Tubby	Oh Nuts!	Giggling	Housewife	Farmer's wife
Van Cordey	Myfannie	Really?	Boys	Norm	Spinster
Claire Davison	Davee	Not again!	Toronto	To retire	Retire at 60
Mabel Harbours	Bluenose	I <u>did</u> not	Gaspe'	Lawyer	Law Office
Menone Harris	Neonee	Ugga-Ugga-Boo	Arguing	Travel	Pt. Edward
Pat Lucas	Luke	Oh M'Gosh	Phippens	Architect	Paper-hanger
I. MacPherson	Izzie	John!!!!	Mooretown	Farmer's Wife	Farmerette
Joan Mercer	Joanie	Fiddlesticks	Piano	Big Orchestra	Toon Rangler
Evelyn Scott	Scottie	Hmm..mm.mm	Wolf Cubs!	Singer	Ollie Case
M. L. Madham	Bid	Sugar!!!!	Jokes	CHOK	So-Ed
Ruth West	Ruthie	Heaven's!!	Jim	Pharmacist	Soda-jerk
June Wilson	Slim	D--m	Ted	London Life	Janitress
John Bradley	Hot Lips	Trust no woman	Wine & Women	Priest	S.S. Teacher
Bill Charlick	Blondie	...(censored)	Daisies	Tool laker	Baby Sitter
Donald Lane	Don	Guff!!!!	Lunie	Sports Director	Paper Boy
Bill Marshall	William	At last!!!	Kenwick	Manager C.S.R.	Labourer
Bob Nelson	Nip	Hey! June	Shorthand	L. Technician	Office Boy

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WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Donna T. never missed school
Betty Lea started to grow
Mr. Johnston gave detentions
Miss Brown forgot to ask for
 notes
Mary Lou forgot about St. Mikes
Lorraine lost interest in T12
Donna H. forgot her gum
Leona lost a certain guy
Shirley stopped laughing
Jewell stopped asking questions
Marie was a brunette
Dot Evers made an error
Parkie forgot about gas stations
Sally lived blocks from school
Dolores was short
Dot R. lost interest in boats
Jean Cundick got that 6 footer
Noreen was late for work
Gladys got that other job
Thelma stopped daydreaming
Jean Anne had red hair
Donna's ambition should succeed
Mr. Watson found C12 really
 working
C. H. O. K. hadn't come to
Sarnia. What about it Millie?

Don did his homework
John never missed school
Pat stopped blushing
Nenone stopped asking questions
Joan C. stopped giggling
Mary Lou didn't tell jokes
Isobel stopped smiling
Ruth yelled
June stopped going with Ted
Claire hurried
Miss Weir wasn't a good sport
Joy wasn't so neat
Ev gave an answer in Economics
Bill C. used a dictionary
Bill M. forgot to be shy
There were no form parties with
 T12
Don got here on time
Bob did 90 w. p. m. in short-
 hand
Van went to Windsor
Joan M. lost her good disposition
Marguerite wrote all her exams

C12 THEME SONGS

Jewell Dupree - No letter today.
Thelma German - Let's take the long way home.
Lenora Horner - Give me five minutes more.
Donna Holmes - I'll be walking with my honey.
Shirley Roberts - Wallaceburg, here I come.
Leona Street - Be nobody's darling but mine, Jack.
Dolores Johnston - For sentimental reasons.
Jean Cundick - Jeanie with the light brown hair.
Gladys Gilliland - I'll close my eyes.
Betty Lea - I'll walk alone?
Noreen Campbell - I'm a Big Girl Now.
Lorraine Crooks - Touch-me-not.
Mary Lou Richardson - Oh! Johnny.
Donna Taylor - Small Guy.
Marg. Hamilton - Hail, St. Patricks.
Sally McClean - My gal, 3al.
Dot Rosenbloom - Bell-bottom Trousers.
Bertha Smith - I Want Somebody to Love.
Donna Brown - Old MacDonald Had a Farm.
Agnes Parks - Dark Eyes.

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Mildred Willick - The blues of the record man.
Dorothy Evers - Milkman Keep those Bottles Quiet.
Betty Taylor - Some Sunday morning.
Jean Anne Daws - Piccollo Pete.
Isabel White - Let's Get Married.
Marie Sinclair - I've been working on the railroad.
Mary Ann Wright - I guess I'll get the Papers and go Home.

C. SP. THESE SONGS

Pat Lucas - Johnny is my darling.
June Wilson - I'm in Love with Two Sweethearts.
Mary Lou Wadham - I'll see You again.
Mabel Harbour - It's Three O'clock in the morning
Ev. Scott - The Last Time I Saw Paris.
Ruth West - Jim, Doesn't Bring Me Pretty Flowers.
Isabel McPherson - The Egg & I
Van Cordey - Somebody Loves Me, I wonder who?
Joy Barton - All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor.
Joan Cordey - Alamain Right and Alamain Left
Marguerite Capes - Oh! You Beautiful Doll
Mary Jean Armstrong - Five-foot two, Eyes of blue.
Nenone Harris - If I were the Only Girl in the World
Joan Mercer - Someday He'll Come Along
Bill Charlick - Daisy, Daisy.
Don Lang - Moon Love.
Bill Marshall - Among My Souvenirs.
Bob Nelson - Sailing, Sailing.
John Bradley - The Girl That I Marry

C. SP. ALPHABET

A is for Audrey, she left us too soon
B is for Bill, there are two in the room
C is for Capes, Margurite is her name
D is for Don, in sports he is game
E is for Ev, her voice is her luck
F is for fun, of which we have much
G is for Gray, she went far away
H is for Harbour who comes from Gaspe
I is for Izzie, Moore is her town
J is for Joy, John, Jean and Joan
K is for Kent, which is no longer her name
L is for Lucas, our new school stenog
M is for Mary Lou, alias Bid
N is for Nip, and Nenone, they're both good kids
O is for Office Practice, it causes us tears
P is for Parties, T-12 won't forget
Q is for queer, that's none of us yet
R is for Ruth, her manners are fine
S is for symphony, Joan Mercer's past time
T is for typing, our fingers fly
U is for us, as we breathe a sigh
V is for veterans of Special, that is
W is for Wilson, she sure is a whizz
And this marks the end of our X, Y, & Z's.

OUR GRADUATES

To all who have graduated from the Commercial Department of our school--greetings. We are about to join you. We would like to be your friends. We hope you will lend us a helping hand until we find our way in life. We will do our best to uphold the good name you have made for the S.C.I. & T.S. If you have not visited the Commercial Department of your school recently, you should do so, because many changes have taken place there--changes that might surprise you. We cannot list all of our grads but you might be interested in knowing where the 1946 Grads are:

C12

C.Sp.

B. Atkinson, S. Atkinson, C Barr	I. Brain, J. Davison, E. Spiby
-Bell Telephone; J. Bazeley, I.	-Imperial Oil; B. Buchanan-
Brush-Dow Chemical; M. Berry, L.	Wartime Housing; M. Jamieson-
Snow-Polymer; A. Chate-C.S.R.;	Jamieson's Red & White; J. Dyke
D. Crawford-Registry Office; F.	Logan, Logan & Logan; G. Keat,
Dagg, Maymai Sing-Imperial Oil;	F. Palmer, M. Schell, D. Lewis,
E. Durley-H. VanHorne Law Office;	J. Moore-Polymer; D. Wilkins
G. German-Sun Life Insurance;	Dow; F. Murray-National Grocers;
L. Grabovi, I. Randle-Unemploy-	O. Tichinoff-Bell Telephone;
ment Office; A. Hill, A. Orlovsky-	R. Leckie-Mutual Life; D. Harris-
Brasburns; B. Humphrey-National	Royal Bank; R. Backman-Western
Grocers; J. Kelch, E. Hyles, K.	University; D. Zieler-Zieler's
Wilbur-Taylor, Jamieson Law Firm;	Furniture Store; B. Burgess-
R. Lamb-Ross Gray Law Office; B.	Stewart's Funeral Home; D. Wells-
Lawrence-Industrial Mortgage; E.	C.S.R.; B. Boyd-Canadian Observer
LeNeve-Wyoming; T. Rawlings-St.	
Clair Motors; B. Riddell-Sarnia	
Elevator; B. Sharpe-Married; B.	
Taylor-Bank of Commerce; D.	
Willock-Chambers Electric; I.	
McTaggart-Mueller Ltd., Pt. Huron	



